

Strongest 801

Chapter 801: Uniting Under One Banner [Part 1]

Two hours after the bathroom incident, the three people finally finished eating breakfast together.

Since the Haunting had just ended Raizel proposed that they scavenge for food, water, and other resources that they could find from the ruined city.

William and Lilith didn't have any objections, and decided to accompany Raizel on her expedition.

However, just as they were about to head out from the shelter, two trucks stopped at the main entrance of the stadium, blocking their way.

Raizel raised her hand to stop William and Lilith from doing anything reckless because she saw a few familiar faces that disembarked from the trucks.

"Lindir, Eldon, Wade, Avril, and... Swiper." Raizel raised an eyebrow when she saw the leaders of the five out of twenty shelters in the Deadlands. "To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

An Elven beauty stepped forward and smiled at Raizel. She had long green hair, and eyes as red as rubies. Just like all Elves, she was beautiful and radiated a sort of elegance that was second nature to their race.

"It's good to see that the Glory Shelter has survived the Haunting," Avril said with a hint of appreciation.

"Hmp! They're just lucky." Swiper snorted. "Maybe only a few undead were sent to this place due to their low population. I think that is the main reason that they survived."

"Don't be like that swiper," a burly dwarf said as he crossed his arms over his chest. "Luck is also part of strength. Since Raizel got lucky this time, it just means that Fate was standing on her side last night."

"I didn't know that you believe in luck, Eldon," Raizel commented as she stared at the dwarf who led the shelter that was exclusive to their race. "You always struck me as someone that only believes in the strength of his hammer."

"Aye, girl," Eldon nodded his head in agreement. "Without my Hammer, our shelter might not have lasted through the night."

A Lizardfolk who stood two-meters away clicked its tongue in annoyance. His name was Lindir, the leader of the Swamptide Shelter.

"Raizel, we just came here to inform you of two things," Linder stated. "The first one is that Mythos, Spirit, and Hidden Grove were over-run last night."

"A few of their members managed to escape and informed us of what happened last night. Among those three shelters, less than thirty people combined survived."

Raizel frowned. Compared to those three shelters, the Glory Shelter was nothing. All of them had over two hundred members each, and there were many fighters among their ranks. It just showed how dire the situation was for less than thirty people to survive the Haunting that had plagued the city last night.

"And your second reason for coming?" Raizel crossed her arms over her chest.

She knew that the leaders of the five shelters wouldn't come to see her just to inform her about the three shelters' demise.

"The Haunting is getting more troublesome with each cycle," Wade, the leader of one of the strongest Human Shelters replied. "Judging by what happened last night, we believe that the next wave will be more deadly. There is a very high possibility that more than three shelters will fall this time."

"Maybe after the next Haunting comes to pass, only half of the Shelters will remain standing. This is why we decided to have a meeting with all the leaders of the surviving shelters. All of us will go to the Plaza to discuss possible collaboration between all of us. We are here to invite you to that gathering."

Raizel nodded. "Understood. When will it be held?"

Swiper snorted as he glared at Raizel. "Now."

The Boarkin still hadn't forgotten his defeat after trying to annex the Glory Shelter. When the other leaders had arrived at the Beastkins' shelter, he didn't want to go and see her. However, due to the importance of this meeting, he had no choice but to accompany the other leaders to show that he agreed to participate in the discussion.

"Very well," Raizel replied. "However, I will be taking them with me."

The young lady pointed at William and Lilith who were standing beside her. The two were like overprotective parents that wouldn't allow their daughter to party with strangers.

"No problem," Avril commented with a smile. "Each leader is allowed to bring at least four members. The two of them coming will not be an issue."

After finalizing their talks, Raizel drove her own truck, alongside the others.

Inside the Deadlands, trucks were the ideal mode of transport because they could carry many people, as well as resources that they could find within the city.

Surprisingly, some resource stations replenished their stock on a weekly basis. Unfortunately, the top shelters had already claimed these places, and the only way to snatch it from their hands was to have a war between shelters.

This was something that they tried to avoid at all cost. Only during desperate times would a war of that scale come to pass.

When the three trucks arrived at the plaza, they saw that all the other leaders were already there.

This was the first time that all the leaders of the shelters had gathered to discuss something. At most, only groups of three or four would talk about collaborating with each other. This just showed how serious they were in this meeting that would decide the fate of everyone living inside the Deadlands.

After everyone had gathered, Avril decided to lead the discussion. As an Elf, and the leader of one of the strongest factions in the Deadlands, no one made a comment about her taking the initiative.

In fact, they were even thankful for it. As people who had lived in the Deadlands, conflicts were unavoidable. They would often fight for resources on a day to day basis.

Although there was an unwritten rule that killing was prohibited, some of them ignored it and would resort to murder to get what they wanted.

"The Haunting last night was very different from the previous ones we've encountered," Avril said. "Not only were the undead numerous, their quality has also increased. Over fifty High-Level Undead attacked our shelter yesterday, and we suffered many losses while resisting them.

"I believe that the same thing happened to all of you as well. This is why we decided to hold this meeting in order to find a way to have a united front, against a possible undead outbreak that we will not be able to resist if we remain divided."

Swiper stood up and voiced out his agreement.

"Indeed. After living in this sh*thole for many months, I believe that right now we are going to face the greatest challenge of our lives," Swiper stated. "Those who think that they can survive the next Haunting alone are delusional."

The Boarkin made sure to glance in Raizel's direction before scanning the faces of everyone in the plaza.

"I vote that we all unite under one banner and create a Super Shelter that can resist any further undead invasion," Swiper declared. "Anyone who has a better idea, step forward and make your voice heard."

The leaders glanced at each other, but no one stepped up to say anything.

Wade stood up and gave Swiper a brief nod of appreciation.

"Since no one has an objection in making a super shelter, there is only one question I have in mind," Wade said. "Who will lead us? Do we select a leader who will call the shots, or should we continue to command our shelters and just defend an area that the alliance had tasked us to do?"

"We need to come up with an agreement today. Delaying this matter will only be counterproductive, so I suggest we take a ten minute break so we can discuss with our comrades what the best course of action to take is."

Everyone voiced their agreement to Wade's words.

None of them wanted to relinquish the power they had over their subordinates. If they were to choose only one leader, that person would have absolute control over everything, including their manpower and resources.

Raizel was in favor of having a united front, but she wasn't too keen in following the orders of any of the leaders present in the plaza.. The only time she would agree to such a condition was if William or Lilith was named Commander of the alliance.

Chapter 802: Uniting Under One Banner [Part 2]

Several minutes passed as the leaders discussed the details of their united front.

All of them agreed that working together is the way to survive their impending doom. However, all of them had conflicting opinions about having a single leader to command their united front.

After repeated discussions, all of them decided to compromise on two things. The first one was that they would choose a single shelter to gather at during the Haunting. This would allow them to bolster their forces and resist the undead army together.

The second one was to allocate two to three shelters to defend a single location during the undead siege.

All leaders would have command of their own forces, and they were expected to work together in order to defend the side they were assigned to.

No one voiced any objection, so they proceeded to the next phase of the discussion.

"Now that the basic foundation of the alliance is finalized, there is only one last thing left to do, and that is to choose which shelter we will use as the stronghold to resist the next Haunting," Avril said. "I propose that we all vote on which shelter we will defend this time around."

The leaders glanced at each other. They knew that this was the lynchpin to their predicament so all of them took this seriously.

"Among all the shelters, I believe that the Mimameidr Shelter, led by Avril, is the most secure and easily defensible shelter in the Deadlands," Wade commented from the side. "I believe that it is the ideal stronghold that we should use for the next Haunting."

The other leaders glanced at the beautiful Elf, who had the highest number of members among the Shelters.

Also, Wade didn't lie when he said that the Mimameidr Shelter was the most ideal place for their united front because of its location.

Standing on an Artificial Island was a theme park. Avril had chosen this location because there was only one bridge that connected it to the mainland.

As long as this bridge was secure, the Undead Army would not be able to step inside the shelter.

Of course, there was also the threat of the flying undead, but since the Elves were excellent marksmen, they were able to shoot them down from the sky before they could do sufficient damage to the Shelter and its inhabitants.

These were the reasons why most of the people in the other shelters chose to migrate to the Mimameidr Shelter after their previous shelters were destroyed.

Even Raizel had no objection to this arrangement. For her, as long as the people under her wings were safe, she didn't mind lending her hand to protect their safety.

William and Lilith offered no opinion on this matter. Both of them had just arrived at the Deadlands, so they stayed out of the discussion and simply listened at the side.

"Since everyone is in agreement, I will give everyone two days to visit my humble abode," Avril said with a smile. "For now, gather as many resources as you can. During this period, no one is allowed to attack each other. I know that all of you have old grievances with each other, but anyone who breaks this rule will be left to fend for themselves. Do I make myself clear?"

All the leaders nodded. They knew what was at stake, so they decided to set aside the grudges in their heart for the time being.

The discussion ended at around three in the afternoon, and all the leaders returned to their shelters to relay the news to their people.

The people in the Glory Shelter became emotional after hearing Raizel's explanation. Although they hadn't participated in the battle, they knew how dangerous the Haunting was. In fact, they were very ashamed of themselves because they couldn't offer any help and could only depend on Raizel to protect their shelter from the undead army each and every time.

"Cathy, we are to gather as many resources as possible in two days," Raizel ordered. "Will, can you go with Cathy on their scavenging operation? Even without the Haunting, danger lurks in this ruined city. Zombies, Skeletons, and other lesser undeads can wipe out a team if they are not careful. Please, can you ensure their safety?"

William nodded. "Okay."

Raizel felt relieved after hearing William's reply. With him around, the safety of Cathy's team was assured.

"Lilith, you will come with my team," Raizel said. She then looked at everyone in the shelter with a sweet smile. "It's already late, so let's wait until tomorrow before we start our operation. We will split our groups into two. We are to secure as many resources as we can. Fighting against the other survivors is not allowed. If they provoke you, just ignore them, understood?"

""Yes!""

"Okay, everyone is dismissed."

After the people dispersed, Raizel returned to her room with William and Lilith. She needed to inform them a few things about the city, and the things that they should watch out for whenever she was not with them.

"Our location is here," Raizel pointed at the stadium located on the city map that was placed on top of the table. "Mimameidr Shelter is here. The Demonic Shelter is in this location..."

Lilith pointed out the location of all the shelters to William and Lilith. She told them about the strengths and hierarchy of each group.

"Avril is the strongest warrior here in the Deadlands... I mean, was the strongest warrior. But, now that you're here, Will, she has no choice but to step down to second place. However, you should not let anyone know that you're part vampire.

"The undead is a sensitive issue and if they see you drinking the blood of others, none of them will take such news lying down. Even if I back you up, they will not listen to me. What I'm saying is that, you should try to be as low-key as possible. Don't stand out and just fight normally, okay?"

William nodded. "Understood."

"Also, just to be on the safe side, you should drink blood every two days, and you should do it in secret," Raizel warned. "The Beastkins have sensitive noses, especially that swine Swiper. Once he finds dirt on you, he will definitely not let it go."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"Good. Remember, you and Lilith are our secret weapons. Although Swiper had experienced how strong both of you are, he still had no idea as to the extent of your powers when the two of you decide to get serious."

Lilith, who was only listening at the side, cleared her throat to catch the two's attention.

"There is something that I need to tell the two of you," Lilith said with a serious expression on her face. "On our way to the plaza, I felt the presence of a very powerful treasure."

Lilith then pointed to the location on the map. "This is the rough location where I sensed the treasure," Lilith said. "I don't know what kind of treasure it is, but it might be something good since I am able to detect it."

Raizel frowned when she looked at the place where Lilith pointed.

"That is very close to the Demonic Shelter," Raizel commented. "This territory falls under the jurisdiction of Swiper. Are you sure that it is in this location?"

"Definitely," Lilith affirmed. "When it comes to treasures, I am never wrong."

Raizel rubbed her chin as she pondered about what to do.

"How about this? Lilith and I will go there tonight," William proposed. "That way, even if we are discovered, we can just pretend that both of us were just taking a night stroll together. We just arrived at the Deadlands and we can get away with saying that we got lost. How does that sound?"

Raizel and Lilith stared at William with surprise.. Both of them had the "I didn't know that you were this smart" expression on their faces, which gave William the urge to pinch the two of them to oblivion.

Chapter 803 - Infiltrating The Demonic Shelter [Part 1]

Demonic Shelter...

"Boss, are we really going to that Elf's shelter in two day's time?" one of Swiper's subordinates asked. "I don't think we need to rely on them for anything. We can protect our shelter on our own. Isn't that right, everyone?"

"Yes!"

"We demons are strong! We don't need any help from the other races!"

"It's just a bunch of undead. Last time, we only had less than a dozen casualties. I'm sure that if we make enough preparations, we will be able to survive the next Haunting as well."

"We don't need to hide under that Elf's skirt, we can survive on our own!"

""Yeah!""

The Demons voiced their opinions while Swiper sat on his chair and smoked a cigar.

"You fools. Do you really think that I am scared of the Haunting?" Swiper snorted.

"Then, why did you agree to that alliance, Boss?" a Wolfkin asked.

Swiper took a deep drag of the cigar in his hand before puffing the smoke in a casual manner.

"This is the perfect opportunity to teach that high-strung Elf a lesson," Swiper replied. "Don't you guys think that this time's Haunting is a good occasion to weaken the forces of Mimameidr Shelter? If all of the survivors gather in one place, naturally the Undead Army will concentrate their forces on that shelter as well."

The Demons glanced at each other as realization dawned on them. They then looked at their leader in admiration.

"Once Mimameidr Shelter falls, the Elves will lose control over the Resource Station and it will be ripe for the picking," Swiper said with a smug expression on his face. "All that you need to do is act that you are fighting with everything you have, when in truth you will allow the undead to infiltrate the area we are guarding.

"Once that happens, the undead will be able to destroy the shelter, and force Avril to send some of his members to stop their advance. Once their number has decreased, they will no longer be the top shelter in the Deadlands. It will then be our turn to rule this place!"

"As expected of the Boss! You truly are a Demon! You're so evil!"

"Hahaha! Once those Humans and Elves realize what is happening, it will be too late for them to do anything. We will be the new rulers of the Deadlands! Everyone will have to listen to us!"

""Yeah!""

Swiper smirked as he gazed at his subordinates who were already thinking of lording over the other survivors once his plan came to fruition.

He laughed in his heart at the thought of making everyone kneel and submit to his will. It was also at that moment when the faces of leaders of the different shelters flashed inside his head.

"You stupid fools," Swiper muttered. "I will make all of you understand who the true Overlord of this place is."

"What is this artifact?" Lilith asked.

"It's not an artifact," William replied. "It's called a bike. Now, just hold tightly or you will fall."

Lilith frowned as she stood on top of the bike peg. She placed her hands over William's shoulder, while the latter placed his foot on the pedal. He had thought of using a motorbike to travel to the territory of the Demonic Shelter, but they were too noisy and would definitely catch the attention of the demons.

This was why William decided to use a bicycle as their means to transport.

"Ready?" William asked.

"Yes," Lilith replied.

After hearing her confirmation, William pedaled and the bike moved forward. Slowly, but surely, it gained speed until they had traveled a good distance from the Glory Shelter.

Raizel watched them go from on top of the roof of the stadium with a smile on her face.

She had wanted to go with them, but this was a sensitive time. This was why she decided to agree to William's plan and just stay in the shelter to defend it.

The cold night breeze passed through William's and Lilith's body, making the Amazon Princess' long hair flutter in the wind.

This was the first time she had experienced something like this, and its novelty made her feel good.

"I guess doing this from time to time isn't a bad thing," Lilith mused as she looked at the Half-Elf who was busy navigating the abandoned streets under the cover of darkness.

The two didn't talk and simply focused on the task on hand.

Due to William's Dark Vision, he was able to spot some of the Demons that served as lookouts before they could even see them. He made sure to avoid these places as much as possible.

Suddenly, Lilith leaned on William's body, and pointed in a direction.

William used his willpower to ignore the softness that rested on his back, as he nodded his head to tell Lilith that he understood.

The Half-Elf then navigated the bike to the area where Lilith had felt that the treasure was located.

As someone that was born with the Divinity of Greed, it was very easy for her to sense the direction of a treasure. Even though most of her powers had been suppressed by the Deadlands, she was still able to vaguely feel the presence of treasures that exceeded a certain threshold.

Lilith lightly tapped William's shoulder, telling him to stop.

The Half-Elf nodded and parked the bike on the side of the road.

Although they couldn't see any Demons in the immediate surroundings, they decided not to talk to each other and only used gestures to increase their chances of not getting discovered.

Lilith led the way, but since she didn't possess William's Dark Vision, their progress was quite slow as she tried to pinpoint the treasure's location.

In the end, the two arrived at an abandoned carpenter's shop. Lilith walked slowly, using the dim light of the moonlight that passed through the windows of the shop.

Usually these places would have many tools lying around, but after looking at his surroundings, William noticed that only a few items remained.

Clearly, this shop had been raided in the past, and most of the tools here that could be used as weapons had already been taken away by the people of the Deadlands.

While William was casually looking around, Lilith made a beeline for the corner of the room where a workbench was located.

She then rummaged through the hollow holes on the sides of the workbench, to look for the item that she was sensing.

After a few minutes, she retrieved a small wooden mallet from one of the hollow storage areas of the work bench and showed it to William.

"This is it," Lilith replied as she handed the small wooden mallet to William.

The Half-Elf was about to take a good look at the item in his hand, when he heard several pairs of footsteps coming in their direction.

He immediately held Lilith's hand and pulled her toward the wooden cabinet beside them. As soon as the door of the cabinet was closed, the door of the Carpenter Shop opened.

A moment later, four Demons entered the shop carrying flashlights in their hands.

"Are you sure they're here?" a one-horned Demon asked.

"I'm sure," a chubby demon that looked like a frog replied.. "They're at that cabinet over there."

Chapter 804: Infiltrating The Demonic Shelter [Part 2]

As soon as William pulled Lilith inside the cabinet, he immediately covered her lips with his right hand before closing the door.

He didn't have time to warn the Amazon, so he had to resort to drastic measures in order to deal with the problem at hand.

He was afraid that Lilith would say something and alert the Demons, so he covered her lips with his right hand, and his left holding her in place, so she wouldn't be able to move.

Just as Lilith was about to complain, she heard the sound of a door opening, followed by voices. Her body immediately tensed, as she braced herself to fight.

"Don't do anything reckless," William whispered using the lowest volume that he could.

Lilith nodded her head in understanding.

After getting her acknowledgement, William removed his hand from Lilith's lips. Both of them were warriors, so there was no need to say anything. The moment they were discovered, they would immediately knock the Demons unconscious before making their escape.

The footsteps became louder as the Demons walked towards their direction.

"How many?" the one horned demon asked.

"Two," the frog-like demon replied. "Don't worry. They are enough for us to all have a round."

The Demons chuckled as they reached out to touch the door of the cabinet.

William clenched his fist, and Lilith held the handle of her short sword. Both of them were now poised to strike as soon as the door of the cabinet was opened.

The creaking sound of a wooden cabinet door being opened echoed inside the carpenter's shop.

"Hello, my sweeties," the frog-like demon said. "Did you miss me?"

The other three Demons chuckled as they humored the frog-like Demon in his antics.

The frog-like Demon took out two big bottles of high-class wine from the cabinet and presented them to his companions.

He then rummaged for the wooden bowls inside the cabinet to be used for this occasion. A few minutes later, the four Demons chatted as they drank the wine and ate the food that they had brought with them.

"It's too bad that we can't invite our other brothers for a drink," the frog-like Demon sighed as he poured drinks for everyone. "All the good stuff goes to the Boss. Fortunately, we found this without anyone knowing about it."

"Indeed," a Demon with white hair replied. "Us on the bottom only get the scraps. Experiencing this kind of luxury is very rare."

"Still, the Boss sure is planning something big," the one-horned demon said after drinking his wine. "Not only does he plan to weaken those Elves, he also wants to cause enough casualties so that the other shelters will also be weakened."

"Right! He's so evil!" the frog-like demon agreed. "Damn. I bet that Avril would fill our Boss' body with holes if she found out about his plan. This kind of betrayal will surely make her wish that she could chop our Boss to pieces."

The other Demon's laughed in agreement. They knew how strong the beautiful Elf was, and even their Boss, Swiper, was no match for her if the two of them fought to the death.

"But, are you sure this is the right thing to do?" a purple-haired Demon said. "I mean, if we let the undead through, doesn't that mean that we are also in danger? It's not like they will ignore us if we let them in, right?"

The other three Demons quieted down as they pondered the purple-haired Demon's words.

"W-Well, I'm sure that the Boss has already thought of this as well," the frog-like Demon replied. "I'm sure that if we obey his orders, none of us will be truly in danger."

"I guess you are right," the purple-haired Demon nodded. "I guess I'm just overthinking things. The Boss would not do something without a backup plan, right?"

Another round of silence descended inside the carpenter shop. Swiper wasn't necessarily the smartest Demon in their shelter, but he was one of the strongest.

The other strong Demons accepted his rule because Swiper promised them high positions if they agreed to make him the leader of the Shelter.

Since then the Boarkin had ruled the Demonic Shelter and constantly waged war on the other Shelters in an attempt to weaken them.

It was only recently that Swiper decided to annex the weaker Shelters, but his plan collapsed when he failed to make Raizel and the Glory Shelter submit.

"Yes, our Boss is smart." the white-haired Demon agreed. "As long as we follow him, all of us will become the new rulers of the Deadlands."

"Cheers!"

""Cheers!""

William and Lilith exchanged a glance at each other. Both of them were shocked to discover that the Demonic Boarkin was planning to backstab everyone in the Alliance during this crucial period.

Swiper had been very supportive during the meeting, and they thought that the latter had already given up his grudge against them. However, this new information made them realize that even if you painted a black boar white, its true color would still be black no matter what.

The Demons continued to chat about random things until the wine and food had gone to their stomachs.

"Let's go back brothers," the frog-like Demon said as he stood up wobbling. "That wine sure packs a punch."

"You just have a low tolerance," the one-horned Demon chuckled. "Just that tiny bit of wine and you're already like this? You need to grow a pair."

"Hahaha! Don't worry, we can try to explore near the outskirts tomorrow," the white-haired Demon said. "Maybe we get lucky and find another stash of goodies."

The purple-haired Demon nodded as he helped the frog-like Demon on his feet. However, Just as they were about to walk towards the door, the frog-like Demon sneezed and a glob of green goo escaped its nose.

This goo then hit the cabinet in front of him, creating the sizzling sound of acid burning through wood.

The Demons laughed at their comrades' antics. However, a few seconds later, the sound of a sneeze reached their ears.

Lilith looked at William apologetically after she made the blunder. The smell of melting wood and acid irritated her nose, so she wasn't able to stop herself from sneezing.

William sighed internally, but still nodded his head in understanding. Since their cover was blown, they had to prepare to fight their way out of this mess.

The Demons all looked at the cabinet, which now had a hole on its door.

The one-horned Demon sniffed the air and his expression became serious when two unfamiliar scents reached his nose.

The purple-haired Demon made a gesture and all of them held their weapons firmly in their hands.

Even the frog-like Demon that had been feeling light-headed earlier instantly sobered up as it glared at the wooden cabinet. It then took a deep breath and was about to spit an acid spray at the cabinet when the wooden doors opened.

Two blurs charged in their direction, and two of the four demons slammed into the walls of the workshop.

"You guys are from the Glory Shelter!" the purple-haired Demon shouted as he recognized William and Lilith.

He was one of the Demons that had come with Swiper to annex the Glory Shelter. He had a lasting impression of these two people because William had punched his face, and knocked a few of his teeth out.

Lilith on the other hand, was able to stand her ground against their Boss, so the purple-haired Demon also remembered her.

"What? From the Glory Shelter?!" The white-haired Demon gritted his teeth as he prepared to fight against William and Lilith.

Suddenly, a loud croaking sound pierced the quiet of the night, which alerted the other Demons in the area.

William clicked his tongue as he pulled Lilith's hand and ran toward the door to make their escape.

Due to his heightened senses, he had already heard the sound of motorbikes headed in their direction. Although he was confident that he and Lilith could fight their way through an encirclement, he tossed this idea to the side because they were still inside the Demonic Territory.

He didn't know how many Demons were in the area, so escaping was their best option. He had thought of killing the Demons, but this was a risky move and might have serious repercussions.

Also, they didn't want the Demons to have an excuse to target Raizel and the people of Glory Shelter.

For their sake, William and Lilith refused to kill the Demons and simply decided to escape.

The frog-like Demon used its long tongue to swing on top of a building. He then croaked out loud to inform everyone in the Demonic Shelter of what was happening.

"Don't let them get away!" the frog-like Demon roared as he pointed at the two fleeting figures in the distance. "Kill them!"

Chapter 805: Just Look At That Face. I Bet His Own Mother Doesn't Trust Him

The sound of motorbikes could be heard around the Demonic Shelter as they scoured their territory in search of William and Lilith that had disappeared without a trace.

The two had holed themselves up inside a building, while erasing the traces that they had left behind. For the time being, they decided to lie-low until the Demons had given up their search.

'Fortunately, we made a Plan B,' William thought. 'Raizel will handle the rest.'

Lilith slept lightly on the couch. She was currently in a half-awake, half asleep state, and ready to fight at a moment's notice.

Although their bodies were strong and could last several days without rest, William told her that she should take a rest while she could.

The Half-Elf had volunteered to become the nightwatch since he was more proficient in surveying their surroundings, especially when it was dark.

Lilith had no rebuttal to this reasoning, so she agreed to the Half-Elf's suggestion and rested for the time being. She was quite confident that William would wake her up if something that was beyond his control suddenly came to pass.

Three hours later, the sound of motorbikes searching the area stopped. They once again returned to their headquarters to report that they weren't able to find the two people that had heard something that they shouldn't have.

Swiper smashed his fist on a table after hearing his subordinates' report. He then glared at the four Demons who had unknowingly informed others about his plans, which made them shudder in fear.

"Are you sure that they are those two people that recently arrived in the Deadlands?" Swiper asked as he lifted the chin of the purple-haired Demon that had recognized William and Lilith.

"Yes, Boss!" the purple-haired demon answered in a heartbeat. "I can't possibly forget the face of that Half-Elf who knocked out my teeth yesterday. Also, that woman who fought you was with him. There is no mistake about it."

Swiper snorted as he pushed the Demon away. He then walked around in circles as he tried to think of a solution about how to handle this mess.

William and Lilith were newcomers, so they were trickier to handle than those that had been in the Deadlands for a long time. Also, both of them were expert fighters. Swiper knew that if they really went all out and fought against them, the other Shelters might get suspicious, giving the true intruders a good reason to back up their claims for his planned betrayal.

"Listen to me," Swiper said as he looked at the four Demons who were kneeling at the floor. "All of you will testify that you were attacked by those two Humans inside our territory. Also, you will deny any allegations firmly and tell the leaders of the Shelters that the two of them are lying. Do I make myself clear?"

"Y-Yes, Sir!"

"Yes, Boss!"

Swiper nodded his head. "The four of you, and a dozen others will follow me to see Avril. We will strike while the iron is still hot, and leave no room for those two newcomers to worm their way out of this mess."

'''--

As the night deepened, William's eyes, that could see almost anything in the dark night, saw over two trucks and a dozen motorbikes head in the direction of the Mimameidr Shelter.

The Half-Elf had memorized the location of all Shelters in the city, and he could make a guess about what Swiper was planning to do.

After making sure that this wasn't a trap to lower their guard, William shook Lilith awake and told her that they would make their escape while their pursuers were meeting with the Elven Leader.

The journey back to the Glory Shelter was smooth, but it still took them two hours to return because William and Lilith decided to play it safe and only travel along the outskirts of the Demonic Territory.

The first thing they did when they arrived at the Shelter was to tell Raizel everything that they had heard, which made the young beauty frown.

"There's no doubt about it," Raizel said after hearing William's and Lilith's explanation. "They're trying to frame the two of you. That swine, Swiper, will definitely deny everything that you have heard, and make sure that the two of you pay for breaking the rules of the Alliance."

William and Lilith exchanged glances and nodded their heads at the same time.

"The best way to deal with this is for Lilith and I to leave the Glory Shelter," William said. "By doing so, you will not be involved in this matter. You can also claim that you had just picked us up the other day, and were merely giving us a place to stay for the time being."

Lilith nodded. "Or, we can still tell the leaders about Swiper's planned betrayal. Even if he denies it, the other leaders will be wary of him. This will also ensure that the Demons will be under heavy surveillance, which would definitely affect their performance."

"The second option is better." Raizel agreed. "Avril is not stupid. She'd rather be suspicious of the Demons than turn a blind eye to the possibility of getting stabbed in the back. Believe me when I say that no one here has any love for the Demonic Shelter. All of them are scum."

Before they could continue their discussion, the sound of vehicles approaching the stadium reached their ears.

The Deadlands were very quiet at night, so it was not hard to know that they had uninvited guests arriving at their front door.

"We will come with you," William said. His voice was firm and would not take no for an answer.

Lilith smiled because she was planning to say the same. There was no way she would allow Raizel to be intimidated by anyone.

Raizel sighed as she looked at the two people in front of her.

"Very well, but do not resort to violence," Raizel replied.

"Okay."

"Sure."

"--"

Avril, Swiper, and the other leaders of the Shelters stood in front of the Stadium's entrance.

They had made their arrival known, so they knew that Raizel would come out and meet them even though it was still the middle of the night.

When Raizel, William, and Lilith appeared, the expressions of the leaders hardened because they had heard only Swiper's side of the story. The Demonic Boarkin made sure that all of them had become aware of the serious offense that William and Lilith had committed.

Now that Raizel appeared with both of them, Swiper's plan on including the Glory Shelter into the mess crossed his mind. However, for the time being, he decided to let the matter unfold, and wait for the right opportunity to drag Raizel into the mud along with her two new friends.

"Raizel, I'm sure that you are already aware of why we are here," Avril said. "We've come for the two people beside you."

Several warriors behind the leaders unsheathed their weapons in preparation to attack. However, none of them made a move because their leaders had still yet to give them the order to apprehend William and Lilith.

"I'm sure that all of you had heard this Swine's lies, so it's time for you to hear my friends' side of the story," Raizel said. "You will allow that right, Avril?"

"Of course," Avril replied. "Communication is the key to any successful negotiation. Let me hear your side of the story, and depending on their testimony, their sentences could be lessened."

"Lessened? Meaning, you already plan to punish them?" Raizel raised an eyebrow.

"Regardless of the reason, the two of them still broke the rules that we just set a few hours ago," Wade replied with barely restrained anger. "Do you understand? Just a few hours have passed and these newcomers have already trampled on our dignity. Tell me, why should we not punish them?"

Raizel didn't bother to answer Wade's accusation and made a gesture for William to tell everything that they had heard to the rest of the leaders.

Just as she expected, the leaders' expression changed after hearing of Swiper's planned betrayal. They all gave him side-long glances, but the Boarkin was unperturbed. It was as if he was even enjoying the slander that was being tossed in his direction, and kept a smug grin on his face the whole time.

"These allegations are serious," Avril said after hearing William's explanation. "What do you have to say for yourself, Swiper?"

Swiper snorted as he sneered at William and Lilith, "And here I thought that the two of you could make a better excuse for your transgression, but it seems that this is as far as your imagination can take you.

"Me? Betray the alliance? For your information, I was the one who initiated this talk between the different shelters. Why would I want to destroy something that I have worked so hard to make? Do you think we're playing house here in the Deadlands?"

Swiper spat on the ground as he glared hatefully at William and Lilith for trying to ruin his reputation.

"Both of you are newcomers, so you don't understand how hard it is to survive on a daily basis!" Swiper roared. "How dare you slander me with this bunch of bullsh*t? Can't you think of a better excuse?"

After hearing Swiper's hateful reply, some of the leaders also glared at William. It was indeed Swiper who had initiated that the Alliance be formed in order to resist the Haunting. Although his character wasn't the best, he had been in the deadlands for a very long time.

William and Lilith, on the other hand, were just newcomers, so they felt that neither of them fully understood the circumstances they faced everyday. Even so, after hearing the Half-Elf's reply, a seed of doubt had been planted in their hearts, which was William's and Lilith's true goal.

In reply to Swiper's words, William just chuckled.

"Wow, bravo." William clapped his hands together. "What a passionate speech. Unfortunately for you, do you really think that these leaders are three-year old gullible children that will nod their heads because you tell them too? What are you, their homeroom teacher?"

The Half-Elf then scanned the faces of the leaders who were looking at him with frowns on their faces.

"All of you are the leaders of the various shelters here in the Deadlands. This swine has been around for a long time. Do you still not know his character?" William inquired. "Just look at that face. I bet his own Mother doesn't trust him."

Swiper choked when he heard William's jab at his character. Unfortunately, he couldn't refute the Half-Elf's words. His mother really didn't trust him.

Raizel giggled as she listened to William's snarky reply. Even Lilith was smiling as the Half-Elf slapped the Demonic Boarkin's face without even lifting his hand.

"You've already heard both of our stories, so it is up to you to decide. However, let me just give you one piece of advice," William said with a smile. "Although having a united front is good, you still need to choose who you can trust your back with."

William crossed his arms over his chest and looked at Avril with a fearless gaze.

"I've already told you our side of the story," William stated. "Now, it's time for all of you to decide who you will believe between the two of us."

William had already prepared himself for the worst. If the Alliance really took Swiper's side in this matter then he and Lilith would also act accordingly.

Raizel stared at the Half-Elf's back with a calm expression on her face. Just like William, she had already made plans in her head.

Regardless of what the Alliance said, she would take William's and Lilith's side no matter what.

She didn't care if the entire Deadlands fell to ruins.

All she cared about was to stay by their side, and spend their remaining days together in the best way possible.

Chapter 806: Staying With Me Is Akin To Suicide

William, Lilith, and Raizel, waited for half an hour because the leaders of the different Shelters, excluding Swiper, had an impromptu meeting on the spot.

After a heated discussion, Avril stepped up to inform them of the Alliance's decision.

"Your accusation of Swiper for his planned betrayal of the Alliance is truly an eye-opener," Avril said with a smile. "However, you have no proof to back your claim, right?"

"There's no need to look for the proof," William replied indifferently. "Once your Shelter falls, you will know whether I'm telling the truth or not."

The Half-Elf then glanced at the Boarkin who was glaring at him from the side.

"You better work on your acting skills during the Haunting," William sneered. "Now that everyone has their eyes on you, I can already see that you will be giving them an award winning performance to wash away the doubts in their minds, right?"

"Filthy Half-Elf, shut your trap," Swiper shouted. "If you can't shut it, I will be more than happy to do it for you!"

William didn't reply and simply made a "come and get me" gesture, which infuriated the Boarkin. However, after forcefully controlling his emotions, Swiper didn't move to attack William.

Deep inside, the Demonic Boar was afraid of William's strength. He had a feeling that if the two of them fought seriously, the one who would end up dying was him.

Seeing that the Boarkin didn't plan to accept his challenge, William simply shrugged and returned his attention to Avril.

"So, what did you guys decide?" William asked. He was very curious about what the leaders of the different shelters had come up with after their impromptu meeting.

Avril narrowed her eyes as she looked at William from head to foot.

"Very few people can make Swiper shut up, it seems that you're one of them," Avril replied. "However, whether what you said is true or not, you still broke the rules of the council and hurt the members of the Demonic Tribe.

"Because of this, we have all agreed that you, and the lady accompanying you, will not be allowed to participate in the United Front during the Haunting. You will not be welcome in our Shelter, and will have to fend for yourselves."

Avril then glanced in Raizel's direction.

"According to the information we received, you didn't accompany them during their infiltration to the Demonic Shelter, so the Glory Shelter will not be sanctioned," Avril stated. "All of you can still participate in the plan and are welcome in the Mimameidr Shelter."

Raizel's expression remained calm as if she was already expecting that the leaders' would give this kind of punishment to William and Lilith.

Cathy, and the other members of the Glory Shelter that had gathered behind Raizel, looked at their young leader with complicated expressions on their faces.

"Cathy, and all of you, do you want to join Wade's shelter?" Raizel asked as she turned around to face her subordinates.

"Raizel?" Cathy looked at the young beauty with confusion. "What do you mean join Wade's shelter? Are you planning to disband the Glory Shelter?"

Raizel nodded. "Yes."

"Is it because of them?"

"Right."

"But, why?" Cathy asked. "They just arrived at the shelter. Why are you siding with them?"

The other members of Raizel's shelter also voiced their thoughts on the matter. They couldn't believe that their leader would decide to choose William and Lilith over the Alliance. For them this decision was complete suicide.

"Because, I trust these two with my life," Raizel answered. "If the Alliance doesn't want them, I don't need to join such an Alliance."

Avril and the other leaders frowned when they heard Raizel's reply. The leaders that ruled over the Shelters were strong people. Each of them was a highly-prized fighter that could reverse the situation due to their strength.

Without Raizel, the alliance would lose a strong fighter.

"Don't be like this, Raizel," Wade, the leader of the Shelter whose members were mostly Humans, commented from the side. "Do you really need to go this far?"

Raizel ignored Wade's question and looked at her subordinates.

"Wade is a good leader. I'm sure that he will take care of all of you," Raizel said softly. "I know that some of you have complaints about me, so this is a perfect opportunity for you to join a stronger shelter.

"Let's face it. At the end of the day, we are the weakest shelter here in the Deadlands. Wouldn't you feel more secure if you sided with Wade? His faction has many strong fighters and you will not have to worry about getting bullied when you scavenge for resources. Also, I'm not really fit to be a leader."

Raizel looked at her members with a sad expression. She had been doing her best to keep everyone safe, but she was only one person, and her strength was limited. The young beauty knew that there

would come a time when she wouldn't be able to protect them from the Haunting, so it was best for them to join a bigger Shelter to increase their survival.

The members of the Glory Shelter glanced at each other, they then looked at Wade with a hopeful expression, which made the latter sigh internally.

"Wade, will you take my members in?" Raizel asked.

"Are you sure you really want to do this?" Wade asked.

In the past, he had tried to recruit Raizel and her people to join his Shelter because their factions' members were mostly Human. However, Raizel rejected his offer due to sentimental reasons.

The previous leader of the Glory Shelter had been good to her, so she did her best to keep the Shelter running all by herself.

"Yes," Raizel nodded. "Can my people join your shelter?"

"Of course."

"Thank you."

After seeing this exchange between the two leaders, some of the members of Glory Shelter walked towards Wade to officially join his faction.

In the end, only a dozen people stayed behind, including Cathy.

"Why?" Raizel asked Cathy and the rest of the people that decided to remain. "Staying with me is akin to suicide."

Cathy stared at Raizel with a serious expression. "Although I don't speak for everyone, I believe in you, Raizel. Also, I am one of the founding members of the Glory Shelter. I don't want its Legacy to disappear from the Deadlands."

"For such a trivial thing?" Raizel replied. "You decided to throw away your life for something so trivial?"

"Trivial?" Cathy shook her head. "Didn't you do the same? For the sake of something trivial, you rejected Wade's offer in the past. You are not the only one that has an attachment to this place. Isn't that right, everyone?"

""Yes.""

Raizel sighed deeply as she looked at Cathy and the others. "I just hope that you guys won't regret this."

"Don't worry, Leader. If I die and become a zombie, I'll make sure to bite as many Demons as I can."

"That's right. They've been bullying us since long ago, even in death. I'm not going to let go."

"Let's show these other Shelters that the Glory Shelter isn't weak! We will survive!"

""Yeah!""

William and Lilith watched this scene with smiles on their faces. They could tell that Raizel managed to win the trust and respect of these few people, so they decided to remain despite that impending doom that they were bound to face.

"Avril, sorry, but the Glory Shelter will not participate in the Alliance," Raizel declared as she looked at the beautiful Elf with determination. "I pray that you will succeed in your endeavors. Also, pay close attention to Swiper. His heart is as filthy as a cesspool."

Avril nodded, but she wasn't able to keep her disappointment from showing on her face.

"Raizel, if you changed your mind, you're more than welcome to join us," Avril replied. "Our doors will remain open for the Glory Shelter."

"Thank you." Raizel smiled. "Can I ask a favor from everyone here?"

"A favor?" Wade asked back. "What is it?"

"It's nothing much. I just hope that you won't harass the members of the Glory Shelter when we are scavenging for resources," Raizel answered. "Or is that too much to ask?"

"Don't worry. We have no grudges against the members of Glory Shelter," Lindir, the Lizardfolk who ruled over the Swamptide Shelter replied. His shelter and the Glory Shelter had been neighbors for a long time, and the two had collaborated several times to get resources located at the outskirts of the city.

These two shelters had been allied for a long time even before Raizel appeared in the Deadlands.

"Our Steel Axe Shelter isn't so petty either," Eldon, the ruler of the Dwarven Shelter commented. "We won't hurt you and your people, lass."

"The same can be said for us," Avril replied. "The Elves will not harm your people."

The other leaders also said the same thing. Finally, all their gazes landed on Swiper who hadn't spoken.

"Fine," Swiper growled. "The Demons will not find trouble for you. However, if you find trouble with us, we will definitely not take it lying down."

After saying their farewells, the leaders of the different Shelters, as well as their subordinates left the Glory Shelter.

"Let's all go back inside," Raizel ordered. "There's still a few hours before sunrise, so all of you better rest up. We still need to look for resources tomorrow in preparation for the next Haunting."

"Yes, leader," Cathy replied with a smile. For some reason, she felt that the burden in her heart had disappeared after seeing Raizel's relieved expression. "We will do our best to stock up in preparation for the great battle we will face in a few days."

"Good." Raizel nodded. "Everyone, thank you for trusting me."

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Back at the Demonic Shelter...

"Boss, are we really going to let them go like this?" the frog-like demon asked.

"It's fine," the purple-haired demon replied. "They won't be surviving the next Haunting anyway."

The other demons nodded their heads in agreement.

Swiper, who was seated on his chair, snorted. He, too, thought that Raizel's group had no hope of surviving the next Haunting. He was only a little disappointed because he didn't manage to annex the Glory Shelter in order to have them work for him in the future.

"Listen everyone," Swiper said as he scanned his subordinates. "Now that the other leaders in the Alliance are suspecting us of a betrayal, we need to give our best performance to erase the doubts in their hearts. Fight to your fullest, and don't give them an excuse to kick us out of the Alliance. We just need to be patient."

Swiper lit his cigarette and took a long drag from it. He then blew the smoke softly as his eyes looked at the Black Tower in the distance.

'Yes. All I need is the right opportunity to turn things around,' Swiper mused.. 'When that time comes, even if all the Shelters unite against me, their resistance is futile. Isn't that right, Lord Morax?'

Chapter 807 - Will You Make Me Your Lover?

A sigh of pleasure escaped Lilith's lips as William slowly drank her blood.

The Half-Elf was like a thirsty man traveling alone in a desert, drinking his supply of water sparingly.

The atmosphere in the Deadlands had a way of strengthening the power of the Undead, but for William, it was a boon that he would rather live without.

His Bloodthirst was something that he was able to keep in check because of the Elves inside his Thousand Beast Domain, as well as the help he received from his wives.

Unfortunately, he couldn't access his Thousand Beast Domain, so his blood supply was limited. This was the second time that he had drunk Lilith's blood, but he was only drinking it in sips, trying to savor the taste, and prolong its effects for as long as he could.

The Amazon noticed that William wasn't drinking her blood as quickly as last time. However, she didn't plan to complain. Just like William, Lilith also wanted the pleasure that she was feeling to last as long as he could.

A few minutes later, William lightly kissed the wound on Lilith's neck, healing it completely.

"Thank you," William said as he supported Lilith's body that had turned to jelly.

"Mmm," Lilith sighed as she leaned her body against William's chest.

Two days had passed since the incident in the Demonic Shelter, and an uneasy peace had settled over the Deadlands. Tonight was the night when the Haunting was supposed to strike, so William had asked Lilith if he could drink her blood, so his blood thirst would be at an acceptable level.

Truth be told, William was still deprived of blood, but there was not much he could do about it. Lilith was the only one he could ask on a personal level. As for Raizel, after drinking her blood once, William had refrained from doing so again.

For some reason, he would rather drink Lilith's blood, than drink the young lady's blood, whose hair was as red as his.

"Are you sure you drank enough?" Lilith asked after she managed to take full control of her senses. "You drank less than you did last time."

"Really?" William asked.

"Amazons are warriors, we have been trained to pay close attention to our physical abilities," Lilith replied as she made herself comfortable by leaning on William's chest. "Are you sure you're going to be fine? If you need more blood, you can ask Raizel for some, you know?"

William sighed. "I... I just can't. It feels wrong to drink her blood."

Lilith hummed, but didn't comment any further. She just closed her eyes as she continued to lean on William.

"Two hours before sunset," William said. "I think I'll be okay for one rough night."

"And after that night is over?"

"I don't know."

Lilith giggled. "Do you like Demon Blood? Since we're on bad terms with them, taking a bite out of them is good, right?"

"Ewww!" William replied. "I have standards, okay? I'll only drink Chiffon's blood."

"She's a Demon? I thought she was just... short."

"She's not short. Chiffon is Half-Dwarf, Half-Demon. It's a race thing."

Lilith giggled. "Okay. I'll believe you for now."

"What do you mean, for now?" William snorted. "It's the truth."

"So, how did you meet her? After hooking up with Lust, you cradle snatched Gluttony. Who's the next Sinful Lady you plan to add to your harem?" Lilith inquired. "Wait. you're probably tired of the Sins now, maybe you want to spice it up and aim for the Virtues? Is that why you're trying to be chummy with Professor Celeste's familiar?"

William snorted. "Is that what you think of me? A guy who makes every beautiful lady I see my wife?"

"You're not?"

"Of course not."

Lilith turned around and stared at William's face. "Prove it to me."

"Prove?" William shook his head. "I don't need to prove anything to you."

"Hey."

"Hey what?"

Lilith rested both of her hands on William's shoulders and stared straight into his eyes.

"Will you make me your lover?"

"..."

Seeing William's complicated expression, Lilith giggled before standing up and walking away. Just as she was about to leave the door, she glanced at William and smirked.

"If I asked you this question a few days ago, you would have definitely said No," Lilith said in a teasing tone. "Don't be so stuck-up. You can also rely on Raizel. I'm sure that she's just waiting for you to approach her. We need you, so you'd better be sane at all times. Do I make myself clear?"

"... Yes," William answered.

Lilith winked at him before leaving the room.

After the Amazon Princess left, a helpless sigh escaped William's lips. He then laid on the bed and stared at the ceiling for a long time.

William knew that Lilith was right.

If she had asked him this question a few days ago, he would have outright rejected her. But, right now, he felt conflicted.

He asked Raizel to talk with him privately a day ago. The young beauty agreed to his request, and William asked her a couple of questions about where she came from, and anything related to her family.

Raizel answered all of his questions, but they were quite vague. She even had a big smile on her face the whole time, as if she found William's questions amusing.

Simply put, the young lady was smart enough to not step on any landmines that William had set for her. This made William curse her internally because no matter how eloquent he was, the red-haired beauty had beaten him at his own game, hands down, which frustrated him.

"Why are you making this complicated, Raizel," William muttered softly as he covered his eyes with his hand. "All I ask is for you to answer Yes or No. Is that too much to ask?"

As the Half-Elf was thinking on what to do next, the alarm in the stadium suddenly rang.

It was also at that moment when the Half-Elf felt some stir inside his body and knew for certain that the Haunting was about to begin.

Chapter 808: Army Of One

Mimameidr Shelter...

Avril stared at the countless Undead that had started to make their way towards her stronghold. It was an attack from both land and air, and for the first time in her life she was quite thankful that her shelter was not going to face this calamity alone.

After William's warning, all the leaders decided to place Swiper and his subordinates on the front lines of the battlefield. Of course, they were not being used as cannon fodder. Five other shelters stood beside them, but it was clear that they were paying close attention to the Demons, who had been accused of betraying them.

Swiper knew that he couldn't afford to take this battle lightly, so he ordered his men to fight to the death. With so many eyes paying attention to him, any act of betrayal would lead to dire consequences.

'With this many undead, the Glory Shelter is finished,' Swiper thought. 'Good riddance!'

The Demonic Boarkin was still annoyed that his plan to decrease the overall power of the Shelters would have to be set aside for the time being. For now, he decided to play his part, so they wouldn't be able to say anything about his performance.

Wade sighed after seeing the Undead army that was making their way towards them. Just like Swiper, he already considered Raizel and the remaining members of the Glory Shelter to be dead people.

Even with the combined might of their shelters, he knew that this battle would be an uphill battle. He didn't dare estimate how many casualties they would have when this night was over.

'Raizel, it truly is a pity,' Wade thought as he remembered the young beauty who had cared for the Glory Shelter after its previous leader had died. 'Xenovia, your subordinate will be joining you soon.'

Lindir raised his spear as he commanded his members to stand their ground. The Lizardfolk and the other Reptilian Races took a fighting stance, as they, too, prepared to clash against the Undead who were already halfway across the bridge.

Eldon, the leader of the Dwarven Shelter, firmly held the war mace in his hands. He stood beside Avril and gazed at the Undead Gargoyles who were flying in their direction. His Shelter's role was to attack using their crossbows, as well as defend the Elven archers, once the Gargoyles opted for close-range combat.

The battle-hardened Dwarf glanced at the beautiful Elf beside him and sighed.

"That lass, Raizel, is done for," Eldon said. "If only she was not as stubborn as her former leader."

Avril knocked an arrow on her bow as she gazed at the distance. "It is the choice she made. There is nothing we can do about it. We have our own battle to fight. Let's survive this fight first before we worry about others."

Eldon nodded. "Aye. This is going to be a very long night."

"'_--

"... there's so many of them," Lilith's expression became grim as she looked at the hordes of Undead that were headed in their way. "Is that an Undead Wyvern? Such a troublesome fellow."

Flying in the center of the Undead Gargoyle Army was an Undead Wyvern. This was the first time that Lilith had seen a war of this magnitude, and it unnerved her. Even with her powers, she would find this army very hard to deal with.

Without her powers, she felt that she was facing a mission that was impossible to clear.

Although Raizel had a calm expression on her face, deep inside she was feeling very anxious. Just like Lilith, this was her first time seeing a large-scale war, and she felt that she was out of her league.

Judging by the number of Undead that were headed in their direction, she could tell that they numbered in the tens of thousands.

There was only one word to describe their current situation and that was "Overkill".

Unlike the two ladies beside him, William gazed at the Undead Army with calmness. He had participated in wars of bigger magnitude, so he was not fazed with the current undead Army in front of him.

In fact, he was even feeling excited.

As a Vampiric Necromancer, he also had the power to raise the dead. He had done this during the battle in the Southern Continent, so he was well aware of the capabilities of each undead unit that was headed their way.

The Black Tower had not only made his Vampiric Power's surface, it also strengthened his fighting abilities. Although he couldn't destroy the entire Undead Army instantly, he was confident that he could decimate them if he was given a few hours.

Also, he planned to do a bit of an experiment.

If he succeeded then their chances of surviving this clash would drastically increase.

"Lilith and Raizel, stay here in the Stadium and prioritize the flying Undead," William ordered. "Raizel, do you think you can bring down that Undead Wyvern from the sky?"

"Only if it comes within range," Raizel replied. "But, the most I can do is bring it to the ground. I don't think I will be able to fight it, while dealing with the Undead Gargoyles at the same time."

"That's fine. What I want you to do is throw that thing in my direction, understood?"

"That's it?"

William nodded. "Yes. You don't have to do anything else. Just throw it at me."

"Understood." Raizel acknowledged William's order. "Will,... goodluck!"

William smiled as he gave Raizel and Lilith a brief nod before turning around to face the Undead Army.

"Don't let yourselves get bitten or wounded by their weapons." William reminded them. "There is a high chance that you will turn into an undead if your wounds are not treated right away."

"I will do my best."

"Got it."

"I'm off," William declared as he jumped off the roof. He then charged at the Undead Army as the muscles in his left arm bulged.

Sensing his presence, the zombies and skeleton warriors that acted as vanguard, charged in his direction with their weapons held high.

A devilish smile appeared on William's face as he swung his arms to obliterate everything in his path. For him, dealing with the small fries was an easy matter. If an ordinary warrior were to do this, they would need to pay attention to their stamina.

Fortunately, William didn't have to worry about that.

After drinking Lilith's blood, as well as gaining the effects of the Black Tower in the distance, William was currently at his peak performance. He didn't have to worry about a lack of stamina, because the red mist that had spread across the city was like an inexhaustible supply of rejuvenation potion to him.

After killing more than a dozen Undead, the Half-Elf raised his hand and activated his Necromantic skills. He was itching to know whether his hunch was right or not.

Soon, the undead that he had slain once again reanimated themselves and attacked their former companions.

William laughed as he fought alongside his new comrades. He then eyed the leaders of the Undead Army, which were the Death Knights, and Dullahans. If he could make them his minions, then he would be able to turn the tide of battle by focusing on the High-Tier Undead that were currently commanding the army.

Lilith and Raizel, who were watching William's battle from the roof of the stadium, gasped in shock at the scene in front of them.

"Unbelievable," Lilith muttered. "If this goes on, we can win if he can turn that Undead Army into his own!!"

"No," Raizel shook her head firmly. "Will can only reanimate a few hundred Undead at most. I think he is just testing out whether he can pry the control of the tower over them in order to replace it with his own authority.

"Since he can only control a few hundred, he would definitely settle for quality over quantity. Now I understand why he asked me to bring the Undead Wyvern down. This was his plan."

Since Raizel finally understood what William wanted to do, she raised her head to look at the Undead Wyvern who had decided to personally lead the Undead Gargoyles to attack the stadium.

The golden rope in her hands glowed with power as she patiently waited for the Wyvern to come within her range.. That is the only way that she could accomplish the task that was left to her by the man who was given the title Army of One.

Chapter 809: I Think It's Worth Taking A Gamble

William was practically bulldozing his way through the Undead Army. Although they had the numbers, no single Undead among them could fight him head-on.

Although he suffered from several stab wounds, and other grievous injuries, all of them regenerated at a rapid rate thanks to the red mist.

The Vampiric Necromancer was a Prestige Class that was equivalent to a Vampire Prince. Meaning, it was one of the Higher Forms of the Undead class that was only lower than the Vampire King, which was equivalent to an Elder Bone Dragon.

The Death Knights and Dullahan were a tier lower than him, so they didn't pose any kind of threat to him whatsoever.

The only thing that could really threaten William on the battlefield were the Undead Dragons that were flying through the skies of the Black Tower. As long as those Dragons stayed where they were, William was like an adult fighting against tens of thousands of three-year old babies.

Although they could swarm him, bite, hack, and stab him, the injuries he sustained regenerated within seconds. In short, the red mist that was supposed to make the Undead Army formidable, backfired on them.

If Malacai was there, he would be scratching his head because of the absurdity of the entire affair.

Even Lilith, who had been feeling anxious earlier, felt that she had been worried over nothing. Because of William's dominating performance, the pressure on her and Raizel had decreased drastically.

"This Wyvern is annoying," Raizel said as she wrapped an Undead Wyvern and used it as a wrecking ball to hit the Gargoyles who were descending on them like rain.

Because of Gleipnir's ability to extend itself, the young beauty was able to both attack and defend at the same time.

Lilith stood beside Raizel and attacked the Undead Gargoyles that were able to get past Gleipnir's defenses.

The national treasure of the Amazons was blessed with a Divine Property. This meant that anything evil or unholy would be weakened in its presence. This was why Raizel was able to fight against Undead opponents that were stronger than her.

Gleipnir was the natural bane of the Undead. They weren't able to use their full capabilities as long as the golden rope was present on the battlefield.

After almost an hour of fighting, the Undead Wyvern finally lost its patience and uttered a deafening shriek. It then dove towards the two ladies on top of the roof with fury.

'Finally, you made your move,' Raizel thought as she focused her sights on the Undead Wyvern. She had already stopped attacking randomly and prepared to engage the Wyvern that was coming their way.

Because of this, the pressure on the Undead Gargoyles lessened as they bared their fangs at the young beauty who was giving them a hard time.

"Just focus on the Wyvern," Lilith said as she stood in front of Raizel. She held the two short swords in her hands and activated their special properties. The weapons of the Amazon Royal Family were no ordinary weapons.

Although they were not Mythical or Legendary Weapons, like Gleipnir, all of them were Unique Weapons that had special abilities.

Lilith's short swords were a pair, called Hysteria.

Its ability was quite special, even among Unique and Mythical weapons because it had the power to control gravity.

"Fools who defy the laws of the world, accept your fate and be damned by all!" Lilith roared. "Crush them all, Hysteria!"

Anything within a twenty-meter radius of Lilith felt an unprecedented oppression weighing down on them.

For the Undead Flying Army, Gleipnir's suppression and Hysteria's gravity control made all of them mad with anger. They were like sitting ducks, unable to advance no matter what they did.

"Let's go," Lilith said as she held Raizel's waist and jumped towards the sky.

After deactivating the Laws of Gravity around her, the two soared to the sky as if they were flying.

Any Undead Gargoyle that blocked their way fell down towards the ground as if they had lost the ability to fly.

"Bind the world in your embrace and hold it in place," Raizel shouted. The Golden rope danced across the sky like a living being as it headed towards the Undead Wyvern whose eyes glowed like embers.

"Hold the Firmament, Gleipnir!"

When the golden rope had wrapped around the Wyvern's body, the Overlord of the Sky immediately felt that something was terribly wrong.

No matter what it did, it couldn't break away from the golden rope that had tied its body up in a firm knot.

Raizel didn't know, but Gleipnir was a divine artifact that Astarte had acquired through trade from another God in the Ten Thousand Domain.

This artifact had bound the World Wolf, Fenrir, thousands of years ago, so it was nigh impossible for any creature under the Rank of Demigod to break free from its shackles.

After securing her target, Raizel glanced at the battle on the ground and shouted with all of her might.

"Will!"

The red-headed teenager looked up and saw the tied up Wyvern in the sky. He then waved at Raizel to tell her to tell her that he was ready to accept her gift.

Just like a wound-up, spinning top, the young beauty hurled the shrieking Wyvern towards the Half-Elf who was looking at it like it was a toy that he had wanted all of his life.

The Wyvern crashed on the ground, sending rubble flying everywhere.

William ran towards its location, ignoring the Undead who were hacking away at the Death Knights, and Dullahans, that he had converted to his side a few minutes ago.

As soon as the Wyvern saw William, it immediately opened its jaws to bite him.

Unfortunately, the Half-Elf was a step faster and slammed a roundhouse kick on the Wyvern's nose, smashing its head towards the ground.

Before the Wyvern could even utter a cry of pain. William raised his left hand and smashed it on the Wyvern's head, smashing its bones apart.

"Rise!" William ordered as he placed his left hand over the Wyvern's Head "I, your new Master, call for you to serve me in battle!"

The Undead Wyvern's body glowed with a green light. William jumped off its head and stood in front of it, waiting patiently to see if his hijacking attempt to take control of the Wyvern succeeded.

Soon, the Wyvern propped up its body from the ground and uttered a mighty screech. Not long after, it bowed its head in front of William, which signified that it had changed its allegiance to him.

"Good." William said as he jumped on the back of the Undead Wyvern.

The Wyvern flapped its wings and soared towards Raizel and Lilith who were slowly descending to the ground like a feather.

William caught both of them on the Wyvern's back, and flew towards the Undead Gargoyles that were flying towards the sky.

"Raizel, grab those large Gargoyles over there," William ordered. "They are the captains of the gargoyles and I plan to convert them to our side."

"Understood," Raizel replied with a sweet smile on her face. She was about to follow William's orders when her eyes caught something on the ground.

Standing at the center of the Undead Formation was a Death Lord wearing red armor. It held a Giant War Axe in its hand as it made its way towards the Death Knights and Dullahan that William had converted.

"B-Big Sister Xenovia?" Raizel's eyes widened in shock when she saw the familiar figure who had treated her like a family when she came across the Deadlands.

The Ex-Leader of the Glory Shelter had sacrificed herself to allow Raizel, Cathy, and her other subordinates escape when the Haunting suddenly happened during their scavenging expedition.

They were far away from their Shelter back then and had no choice but to fight their way through the encirclement.

Raizel knew that there was a high possibility that she would see Xenovia again, but this time, they would be fighting on opposite sides of the battlefield.

The young beauty had wished that this day wouldn't come, but it still happened.

"Is that her?" William asked as he eyed the Death Lord who was nearly as strong as him.

"Yes," Raizel replied. "That's Big Sister Xenovia. The previous leader of the Glory Shelter."

William nodded. "What do you want to do? Do you want to fight her and end her misery?"

"Even if we destroy her body, her soul will still return to the Black Tower," Raizel replied. "She will face us again in the next Haunting, and there's a chance that she may be even stronger next time."

William frowned as he shifted his attention to the Red Death Lord that had already killed half of his Converted Undead Army.

"Alright, I've decided. Let's get her," William said.

"Can you?" Raizel gave William a hopeful look.

William nodded. "Although the chances aren't high, as long as you bind her with Gleipnir, and she still has memories of you, there is a chance to convert her. Also, you didn't want to fight her, right? Since that is the case, we can only try.

"Besides, having her around would definitely bolster our shelter's manpower. I think it's worth taking a gamble."

Raizel eyed the Red Death Lord on the ground before nodding her head.

"Will, please save Big Sister Xenovia," Raizel said. "I owe her my life."

William smiled. "Understood. Even if we don't succeed, you can just tie her up and use her as a wrecking ball. That way, we don't need to fight her, and she can help us that way as well. It's a win-win for everyone."

The corner of Raizel's lips twitched as she stared at the grinning Half-Elf in front of her. If William wasn't someone she loved dearly, she would have no doubt pushed him off the Wyvern's back.

Xenovia was the one person she truly cared about in the Deadlands, and she would never stoop low enough to use her as a wrecking ball to fight off the Undead Army, whose numbers seemed unending.

Chapter 810: The One That Is Pulling The Strings From The Shadows

A mighty screech spread across the battlefield as the Undead Wyvern descended from the sky.

William focused his attention at the Death Lord that was wielding a great axe because its fighting prowess was similar to that of a Saint in its initial stages.

'She's strong,' William thought. 'She was probably stronger when she was still alive.'

Usually when a living being transforms into an Undead, their strength decreased by a tier.

According to Raizel, Xenovia's strength was half a step away from being a Saint. Right now, the Death Lord in front of them was already at the Saint Rank. Although it was still in its initial stages, a Saint was still a powerhouse that was not easily defeated.

Due to William's Prestige Class""Vampiric Necromancer""the boosts that he was receiving from the Black Tower, and the red mist, his strength had been boosted to the middle stages of the Saint Rank.

This was why he was able to fight against the Undead Army, even if he was alone. His only concern was that their numbers were truly too much. Even if he had converted dozens of them, it was nothing compared to the bulk of the army that was still being led by the Red Death Lord, who was once the leader of the Glory Shelter.

"I'll try to weaken her first," William said. "The two of you stay in the sky and deal with the Undead Gargoyles. Raizel, when I give the signal, use Gleipnir to bind her."

Raizel nodded. "Be careful, Will."

"Don't worry," William replied as he jumped off the Wyvern's back. "This is not the first time I've fought on this kind of battlefield."

William descended into the midst of the Undead Army like a meteor, smashing everything around him.

As soon as the dust cleared, he charged towards the Red Death Lord to stop her from decimating his converted undead.

Sensing his approach, the Death Lord swung her axe backwards to meet his sneak attack from behind.

William hurriedly lowered his body to evade the attack, allowing the axe to pass over him safely.

'Her reaction time is good,' William thought. The Half-Elf then smashed the Skeleton Warriors around him and snatched two swords from their destroyed bodies.

Soon, the sounds of metal clashing against each other reverberated throughout the battlefield. Usually, William wouldn't meet a War Axe head on using a sword, but his current strength gave him the leeway to do that.

The two exchanged blows sending shockwaves around them. The members of the Undead Army that decided to come close were blown away by the powerful gusts of winds that the two created with every clash of their weapons.

After exchanging blows for the umpteenth time, William managed to get past Xenovia's defenses, and push her back.

It was at that moment when a Dullahan swung its blade on Xenovia's back, forcing the latter to use her axe to block the attack from behind.

William didn't let this opportunity go to waste and closed the distance in a heartbeat. With one powerful palm strike, the Death Lord flew several meters away from her main army.

"Raizel!" William shouted as he blocked the attacks of the Undead that had encircled him on all sides.

Because he was surrounded on all sides, the only thing he could do was to break through using brute force. Fortunately, his enemies weren't like the Death Lord that could fight him on even ground while being supported by her undead companions.

A golden rope descended from the sky and wrapped around Xenovia's body. Although the Death Lord tried her best to free herself from her binding, it was all for naught.

With one mighty roar, William bulldozed his way through the encirclement, sending bones, and rotting flesh in all directions.

"Will" Lilith shouted. "Get out of the way!"

The Undead Wyvern opened its mouth and prepared to unleash a Dragon Breath that would decimate everything in its path.

Seeing that the Wyvern's attack was nearing completion, William hurriedly ran towards his right side, just in time for the Wyvern to unleash its most powerful attack.

Rows, upon rows, of undead were incinerated by the green flames that made the surroundings look like a horror movie.

After creating a wall of flame that separated William and the Undead Army, the Half-Elf was able to escape safely, and use his remaining Converted Undead to attack his pursuers.

William jumped up, catching the Wyvern's claws in a firm grasp.

After securing William, Lilith maneuvered the Undead Wyvern towards the roof of the stadium.

Raizel's hands were tied because of Xenovia, so the Undead Gargoyles swooped down from the air in an attempt to bite them all.

"Not on my watch!" Lilith roared as she raised her twin swords high in the air. "Hysteria!"

An invisible pulse spread out around the surroundings, with Lilith at its center. Soon, any Gargoyles that came within the range of the Amazon's attack fell from the sky like hail.

This lessened the pressure around them, but this ability was taking its toll on Lilith, so she couldn't use it often.

Panting for breath, the Amazon guided the Undead Wyvern to land on top of the stadium, while the Gargoyles were still hesitating to attack them out of fear.

The battle on the ground was getting messier as William's Converted Undead were being hacked to pieces. At most, they could only hold the line for ten more minutes before all of them were wiped out.

"Can you do it?" Raizel asked as she looked at the wrapped up Death Lord. The longer the Undead was detained by Gleipnir, the less resistance it would have when William tried to convert it.

"I'll do my best," William replied as he placed his hand on the struggling Death Lord's Head. "Guard my body. I will force my way inside her Sea of Consciousness."

Lilith and Raizel nodded their heads. They knew that now was the crucial moment, so they would do their best to guard William to the best of their abilities.

After making contact with Xenovia, William closed his eyes and allowed his consciousness to invade the Death Lord's Sea of Consciousness.

A moment later, he found himself on a hell-like plain, with fires burning all around him.

William scanned his surroundings because he knew that he didn't have much time. He needed to find Xenovia's consciousness and suppress it in order to convert her to his side.

'There!' William ran towards a glowing red orb in the distance that was the size of a volleyball ball.

When his hands touched the glowing orb, a projection of a four-meter tall Demon appeared in front of him.

"Who are you?!" the demon asked. "How dare you invade my slave's consciousness?!"

William stared at the towering monster in front of him.

The Humanoid Demon had four pairs of batlike wings on its back, and two protruding red horns on his head. His purple eyes filled with malice glared at the Half-Elf with fury.

"A Dread Lord," William muttered as his countenance changed. Dread Lords were powerful Undead-like demons, who specialize in Dark Magic and also had the ability to infiltrate dimensions.

This information appeared inside William's mind when he touched the glowing orb that comprised Xenovia's consciousness.

It was as if the Ex-Leader of the Glory Shelter had passed this information to him, so he would be aware of what was currently happening inside the Deadlands.

'I see, so that's it,' William's face paled after discovering the identity of the Dread Lord that was pulling the strings from the shadows.

He didn't expect that the Deadlands was hiding such a dark secret, and this information made William realize that the current situation they found themselves in was more sinister than he had initially anticipated.